

church he would have no more show than a snow-ball in hell. What does Kearns think about that?

There is one other feature to this political farce, and that is the oppressive silence with which the daily papers treat the matter. Both the Tribune and Herald are in possession of these facts. Both know it was a rank piece of church domination as ever occurred in the state. Both are thoroughly disgusted, yet do not even publish the story as news. Moral: If you don't like it, you can lump it.

Hi—Say, ye know that roll of green paper that that city feller hornswoggled me inter buyin, last week?

Si—Yas.

Hi—Wal, I jest wrapped a couple of \$20 bills round it so's to make it look real an' bought a \$1,000 gold brick off th' same feller with it.

Alas and alack! She will go to the ball,
And of course she expects me to hire a hack.
But I can't raise the price of the carriage at all—
A lass and a lack.

—Philadelphia Press.

IF EVE HAD EATEN

One of Sweet's Carnation Chocolate Chips instead of that apple, it might have saved a lot of trouble. But we can't blame Eve for her mistake, for no one knew about Carnation Chocolates in her days (and nights).

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are a host in the business districts, and the class of men who patronize the Bismarck at the noon hour are positive proof of the excellence of the table at that popular caravansary.

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Me and Rockefeller.

"Have a dyspepsia tablet with me?" said John D. Rockefeller, as he leaned back in an easy chair in his private car, the "Ollerino," and handed me a box of the dainty pellets. "I always make it a point to treat my guests with the same consideration that I treat myself," he added, as I helped myself to a handful. "You see, I once suffered from a slight attack of indigestion, and took these tablets for it. I acquired such a liking for them that I have been taking them ever since."

At this point Mr. Rockefeller was interrupted by his private waiter, who handed him a bill of fare. There was a familiar look about the waiter which caused me to study him closely. I recognized him as a man who had once owned a small oil refinery in Southern California. Mr. Rockefeller studied the bill a moment. "Bring me a tablespoon of hot water with a small pinch of salt in it, and have it well done," he ordered, with the expectant air of the man who is about to partake of a hearty meal.

Mr. Rockefeller devoured his breakfast with evident relish, and as he ate, I took a mental note of him. He is a small man with a smooth, oily voice and a South Improvement accent in his speech. He is as bald as an oil-can, and is without a mustache or eyebrows. At times his eye has a far-away look—almost as far as Oil City, Penn. He was neatly attired in a black coupon cut-away coat, bank checkered trousers and one of the latest "Petroleum" stocks. As he explained, his clothes were all of "Standard" make.

"Did you ever hear how I lost my eyebrows?" he asked as he finished his meal with a satisfied smack. "Well, you remember the trouble I had back in the '70's over a little matter of rebates. They tried to crowd me off, but I figured that I could just barely hang on by my eyebrows and come out ahead. Well, I won out all right, but the strain was too much, and you see the result."

"To whom do you attribute your success, Mr. Rockefeller?"

"To a dose of Castor Oil administered to me in my childhood. I liked it so well that I soon after organized the 'Standard Cod-Liver Oil Co.' For brevity's sake I afterward shortened the name to the 'Standard Oil Co.' by which title it is now known."

"Do you agree with your son that the poor

should be given sympathy and not money?"

"Most decidedly not! You can't buy oil with sympathy. I firmly believe that Mr. Carnegie is making a mistake in giving his money to erect libraries. Libraries don't burn oil, and think of the oil that could be bought with \$67,000,000! I must speak to Andy about that."

"Mr. Rockefeller, who is your favorite author?"

"Well, Ida Ttarbell appeals to me about as much as anyone."

"And your favorite document?"

"Is the Declaration of Independents. Of course, it came to naught, as we gathered them in one by one until there are no Independents left."

"Do you believe in Trusts?"

"I do not. I believe the Labor Trust is injurious, and should be abolished at once. My favorite quotation is from the 'Songs of Solomon,' and runs: 'Man wants but little here below, and wants that little oiled.' It has a very touching sentiment. I have revised a number of quotations and songs, which I intend soon to publish in book form. Some of them run as follows: 'I cannot sing the Oil songs,' 'Oil's Well that ends Well,' 'Little drops of water make the Oil stock swell,' and 'What is home without the Oil-can.'"

"Mr. Rockefeller, are you a believer in temperance?"

"To a certain extent, I must confess, I dearly love to see folks rush the can—especially the five gallon size. Have another tablet?"

"Were you favorably impressed with California?"

"Very much so. I am now negotiating with the owners for the sale of the State. No, I was not interested with Mr. Morgan in the purchase of the Atlantic Ocean."

Mr. Rockefeller, have you ever thought of taking a partner in your business?"

"Yes, I have given it some consideration."

"I was wondering what kind of a partner Uncle Sam would make."

"Oh, Heavens! He wouldn't do at all! When I take a partner he must have as much money as I've got! Going? Well, have another tablet. Goodbye."

And as I left the car I heard him softly sing, "You'll never miss the oil till the well runs dry."

ALAN LOVEY.

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